EDITORIAL SECTION

LITERATURE SCIENCE ART DRAMA

CUBA LIBRE (INTERVIEWED FOR THE JOURNAL BY GONZALO DE QUESADA.) BY GOMEZ.

Havana, Feb. 22, 1899.

TO the New York Journal:

From the gates of Havana I wish to send as a token of our affectionate gratitude my regards to the Journal. Excepting the exiles, our brothers in their banishment, it has been our most constant defender. With the intelligent and splendid presentation of the situation it was able to direct public opinion in favor of our holy cause. I beg you at the same time to transmit the profound gratitude of the Cuban people to our brothers of the great Republic of North America for their sympathy and the moral and material support which they gave us to help make our country.

M. GOMEZ.

BY GONZALO QUESADA.

MANY years ago, when I left Cuba to come to this country for my education, the flag of Spain, the symbol of corruption and tyranny, waved over the Morro Castle.

When I returned last month the contours of its shores slowly fixed themselves in the blue sky.

GONZALO DE QUESADA.

The scene of so much heroism and martyrdom, covered by the mist, was as if hidden by a veil. But the magnificent sun of the Cuban escutcheon suddenly illumined the sullen and gray bulwarks. Over it my patriotic heart did not salute the Lone Star, it is true, but there floated over the Castle—and I uncovered reverently—the Stars and Stripes, emblems of liberty and humanity, the flag which aided my country's cause, the flag which some day will place over the walls stained with Cuban blood the Cuban flag.

The vessel steamed into the magnificent harbor, anchored are the weather-beaten remains of the immortal Maine; the military mast firm and bright as the hearts and souls of those brave American boys who died that Cuba might be free. The bugle call of their brothers, avengers and redeemers, camped on the right of the bay calls them not to duty. Theirs is done!

My stay in Havana was very short. The Hon. Robert P. Porter, Special Commissioner of the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico, was going to see the Liberator of Cuba, General Maximo Gomez, and I was to bring them together. The President wanted the old warrior to come and confer with General Brooke for the purpose of promoting harmony, helping the disbanding of the Cuban army and aiding the people to reconstruct the country. General Gomez was to be consulted in the distribution of the $3,000,000 available for the relief of the Cuban army.

On the morning of February 1, General Gomez with his escort came into the town of Remedios on horseback. I had not seen him for five years. The last time we were together in New York City with Jose Marti, the father of the revolution.

Gomez has not aged. His face is bronzed by a four years' campaign, his hair, mustache and goatee are snowy white, but his eyes are still those of an eagle and his lithe figure, destitute of trappings except for the Major-General's stars on the collar of his coat, is as strong as ever.

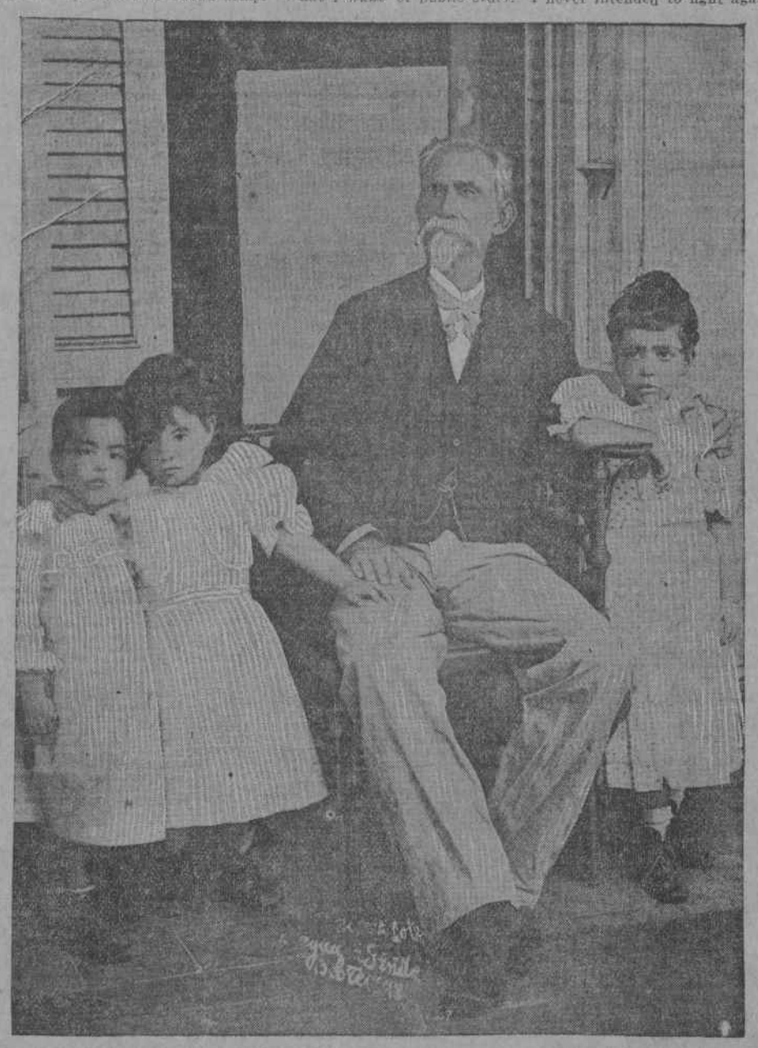
Marti was gone. He had fallen at Dos Rios. General Gomez's son had fallen at Punta Brava with Maceo. Recollections of them filled my eyes with tears as I embraced General Gomez and spoke their names, which began our conversation:

THE INTERVIEW.

GENERAL GOMEZ—History will remember them. I am glad to see you. What brings you.

Mr. Quesada—It is reported in the United States that you are utterly opposed, General, to the disbanding of the Cuban army; that you are to head a combination of Cuban and Spanish elements to oust the United States from this island.

General Gomez—I have never been opposed to the disbanding of the Cuban army. What I want is that my brave soldiers shall be provided with bread and shelter before they leave the ranks, for this is not only justice to them, but necessary to the development of the country and the assurance of public order. I never intended to fight against the country that has done so much for our liberty and which I am sure will keep its pledges. If some day unscrupulous politicians would place the United States in the position of breaking its word, I would appeal to the President and to the American people, and would have depended on their sense of justice that they should fight our battle, not with arms, but through the press and their Congress.



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ.
(Photographed for the Journal.)

Mr. Quesada—General, tell me, what are the relations between the two countries now? What do you think of them?

General Gomez—Our feelings are those of profoundest gratitude and admiration for the United States. Far from entertaining a desire to estrange myself and my followers, my wish is for a closer union of friendship and co-operation with the United States, so that we may soon be able to establish the republic of Cuba.

Mr. Quesada—Do you share my confidence in the intention of the United States to establish a government by the Cubans themselves?

General Gomez—President McKinley has signed in the name of seventy-two millions of free men the declaration that the people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent. I have confidence in his wisdom and in his honor. The declaration is that the United States has intervened only for the pacification of Cuba and the establishment of a staple, independent government, and that it does not intend to exercise any control or sovereignty over Cuba.

Mr. Quesada—How about the Spanish residents of the island? Will they oppose this independent government?

General Gomez—The Spaniards in Cuba are with us. They are willing to meet the Cubans half way. In the beginning they feared we would revenge ourselves on them after achieving victory; but the Cuban soldiers, far from seeking to visit the crimes of the country upon individuals, are fraternizing with the honest and hard-working Spanish population of Cuba. We want them to remain. Our fight was against their government, not themselves. The manifesto signed in 1895 by Marti and myself at Monte Cristi, which was the programme of the revolution, so declared, and all my actions in the war were in accordance with that manifesto.

Mr. Quesada—Do you think, General, that the sum of $3,000,000 offered by the United States to aid in the disbanding of the Cuban army will suffice for the needs of your soldiers and officers?

General Gomez—As I understand it, $3,000,000 was the amount asked for by General Garcia, the chairman of the Commission of the Cuban Assembly. I was not of this body and was not consulted, and must naturally accept what has been done by the representation of our highest authority. The Assembly will determine at the last. My part in the matter will be to repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes, to make the amount go as far as it will. My personal opinion is that it is insufficient, but I consider it only as a generous gift to the Cuban troops. The republic of Cuba will, in my opinion, ultimately pay the whole debt of honor and gratitude.

Mr. Quesada—General, what do you recommend as a policy for the Cubans?

General Gomez—The first policy must be unity. Let history take care of the past. Now and henceforth the Cubans must stand together and work for the common end of bringing the military occupation by the United States to a speedy determination. This will be continued only until our friends find that we are strong enough to stand alone, and this strength will lie in our perfect unity. Forbearance, good judgment, order and industry throughout the island are our means for hastening our term of probation. These together with the cordial invitation to the Spaniards to remain and help build up the new nation, will banish all fear of likelihood of disturbance. Pacification being a fact, it will then be time to take the first steps to establish our own government.

Mr. Quesada—What do you think will be the relations between the Republic of Cuba and the United States?

General Gomez—They will be united by the closest bonds of friendship and interest. Commerce between the two countries should be as free as possible. Our sugar and tobacco should find an open door in the markets of the United States, and, on the other hand, American manufactures should be favored in Cuba. The reciprocity treaty under the McKinley bill should be taken as the foundation for a still more complete liberty of exchange. American capital should develop the industries of the island, in which many millions are already invested. This capital will not only find in Cuba a splendid return, but also perfect security. States may rest assured that the friendship which has given us our liberty will never be forgotten by Americans should be encouraged to settle on small plantations in Cuba. These will yield them handsome returns. There is no reason against Cuba's becoming the great Winter resort of the American people. Nature has given us this great recourse.

As to political relations, Cuba will be sufficiently protected by the Monroe Doctrine, and the United the Cubans. Our first treaty of amity was sealed with the blood of our heroes, and theirs and the next treaty will bind two nations commercially and politically.

Mr. Quesada—I am sure, General, your views are echoed in the hearts of the American people.

General Gomez—I am glad that you tell me that the American opinion favors self-government for Cuba, because I could never understand why any American should doubt our ability to govern ourselves. For an American to think otherwise would be for him to declare that Spain was right in keeping us in subjection and that the United States was wrong in warring with Spain to deliver us.

WHY INNESS'S PICTURES BRING THOUSANDS.

BY HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

The Man Who Gave a Soul to a Landscape.

IT is admirable that the works of George Inness have brought at their sale by auction last week prices that would have made him wealthy, for wealth of artists is in the fashion. In his time one gained a social station by having genius without money. It was a manner of being. Painters must be wealthy nowadays, since usage so orders. No one is really great if he be not great in the fashion of his time and in the fashion of his country. To be otherwise is to be in disguise.

It is admirable, then, that the works of Inness may be exchanged for fields of wheat in waves under the wind, and prairies cut by brooks where graze white cows or brown cows spotted with white. But if his works had no other value now than the sums that he got for them they would be excellent still. They would be precious as they were ever in the view of good workmen like him. They would be treasures of our country in spite of everything.

Inness understood color as great poets have understood rhyme. He wanted it to be not uniformly dazzling and rich, as the indifferent imagined, but varied, diverse, lovingly united to the thought, transfigured in accordance with the subject treated and similar to itself only in faithful and constant aim at harmonic exactness. He wanted a painting to impress one who looked at it from a distance with the painter's state of mind at the time when it was painted.

Inness gave to his works that quality. He said it was a "musical" quality, for he was not afraid of seeming to be pedantic. He was infinitely learned, a poet, a philosopher, a theologian even. He was a faultless art critic also, which is a rare gift in artists. He admired the painters of the Fontainebleau forest, but he had another ideal than theirs and an individual manner. He regarded Delacroix as a master and praised "La Barque du Dante" highly, but he would not have thought of seeking for his symphonies in the storms of dramas. He preferred the melancholy tranquillity of happy life.

Benjamin Constant, who received Inness in Paris with expressions of elevated admiration, has said that no one appreciated more intensely than he the infinite sadness of Watteau's "Embarking for Cythera." Inness, if he had painted portraits, would have made the bitterness of life latent in the elegant calmness of the modern actors in the human tragedy appear. But he had a mission much more important than that. He gave a soul to landscapes. Only one other modern painter, Puvis de Chavannes, has had that faculty.

The others have not believed in it. Inness's works recall the platonic theory of ideas. It is that every object, every individual, is only a reflection, an imperfect reproduction of another individual, of another object, which is the prototype, the essence, the idea, and inhabits the superior regions where the absolute reigns. When he had drawn the landscape that posed before him he raised his eyes and perceived the immaterial idea of it. That was not his manner of explaining the spiritual grace of his works. He was a Swedenborgian. To him man and nature were dead save when the divine breath anointed them.

His friends saw him work for six weeks, struggling over a bit of brook asleep in the depth of a wood lighted by the vague reflections of a setting sun. He painted it, effaced it, scratched it, painted it again at least twenty times, and every time his friends exclaimed that it was a masterpiece. But he shook his head negatively. They were masterpieces, surely, but they were not the masterpiece that he was striving for; they were not the impression that, trembling and shivering, had come to his mind, and rather than give an approximate idea of it he preferred to give nothing at all.

"Gray, Lowery Day," that brought $10,150 at the sale of Thomas B. Clarke's collection last week, was painted in a day and never retouched. Inness said that it was a study and that he would use it in a finished work some time, but Mr. Clarke wrapped it up in brown paper and took it home. Mr. Clarke said yesterday: "The work was not even signed. In my haste I failed to observe that. Many days later Inness signed it for me.

"I made his acquaintance when I was twenty-five years of age, in 1875 or 1876, on his return from a voyage in Europe. I had known his work for three years, but I could not tell why it impressed me so profoundly until Sam Coleman explained it to me. I thought that it was the light in the middle distance, the atmosphere, the beauty of the green. Sam Coleman said, 'No, what you admire in the man's work is the man himself.'

"He was absolutely an artist. He was kind, generous, learned, affable. He had the most advanced ideas of social reform. His art was his life. In it he forgot to eat, to sleep, to take exercise. He was versatile and independent. When I began to buy his pictures he was hardly appreciated. I paid $150, $200, $300 for them. I paid what he asked. It was always a great deal for him, a great deal for me. Do you think I am to be regarded as a speculator because I have made such great profits on Inness's works?

"I did not buy them to sell them afterward. I never posed as a Maecenas. But the paintings of American artists in my house were a joy to me. I did not know, three months before they were sold, that I was ever to lose them. I do not intend to form another collection. The idea of the profit that I might make from it would be a bane. I want to rest in the thought that my appreciation of Inness and others has been justified."

Understood Color as Poet Understand Rhyme.

Inness died in 1894, at seventy years of age, in Scotland, in a scene of nature that had enchanted him. He had not drunk the bitter wine of glory with its dregs.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

"September Afternoon"—George Inness. Sold for $1,500.

"Twilight"—George Inness. Sold for $1,600.

"After a Summer Shower"—George Inness. Sold for $2,500.

"The Clouded Sun"—George Inness. Sold to Carnegie Art Gallery, Pittsburg, for $6,100.

"The Delaware Valley"—George Inness. Sold to Metropolitan Museum of Art for $8,100.

Wrong Impression.

"In several of your Legislatures," remarked the foreigner, "I learn there are what you call deadlocks. That is, if I am correctly informed, they are trying to elect United States Senators and cannot decide upon any particular man. In the meantime, I presume, the public business suffers at Washington because of this delay?"

"Not at all," replied the native.

"Then why do you consider these deadlocks so calamitous?"

"We don't."—Chicago Tribune.

An Impression.

"Yes, sir," said the quiet man, "we want the army reorganized."

"You think we ought to have more soldiers?"

"I haven't studied the question that far. But, from some of the remarks that have passed, I don't hesitate to conclude that we need more chaplains."—Washington Star.

Looked His Character.

"Say, that was a mighty honest looking old farmer," said the office loafer, as the client went out. "Just the kind of a good, whole-souled face to invite confidence."

"Just what he has been doing," the lawyer explained. "He is in to see about a little gold brick transaction he was drawn into."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Needless Question.

House Hunter—How about the people in the flat above—have they any children?

Agent—Mercy, no! The general secretary of the Mothers' Mutual Experience Association lives there.—Chicago News.